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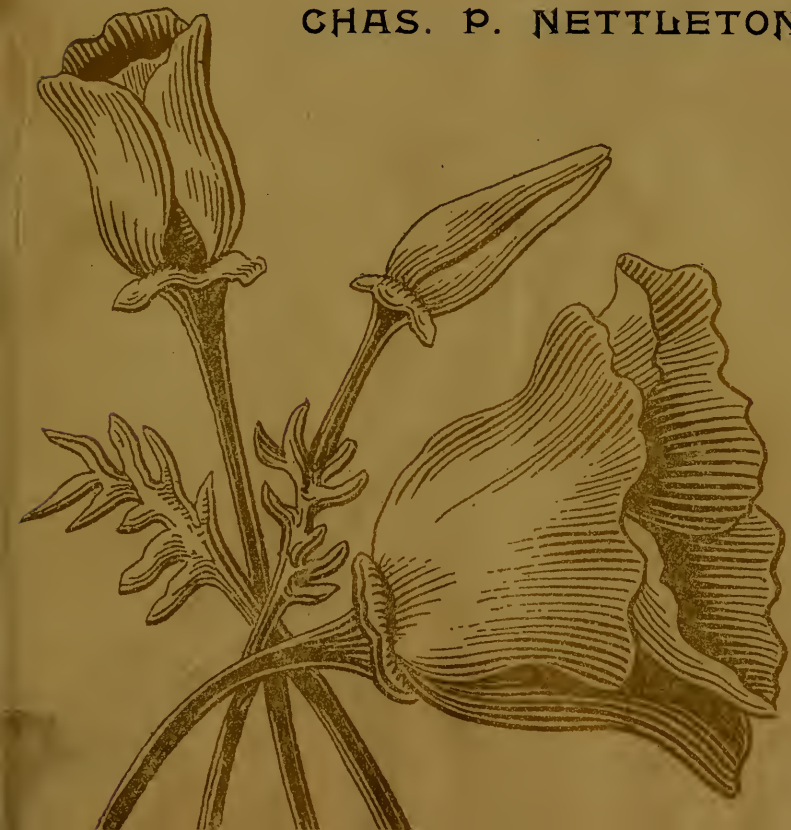
Griffith's Series of West Coast Literature.

No. 1.

Thoughts and Pastels

BY

CHAS. P. NETTLETON



THOUGHTS and PASTELS.---Nettleto

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THOUGHTS AND PASTELS.

"Books are the windows through which the soul looks out." —*Beecher.*

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BY

CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

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Edited by

LORENZO SOSSO and FRED'K L. GRIFFITH.

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CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Charles P. Nettleton, the author of this volume, is a young man of notable qualities and scholarly attainments. Although not a native of the Pacific Coast, yet he properly belongs to, and may be classed with the younger school of California writers, which, in the last few years, has risen on this western slope—a school that is rapidly advancing and will yet command much attention in the world of literature. Mr. Nettleton has made many friends among the readers throughout the coast and the east, having been. for some time, a contributer to

several eastern magazines and to the few of the west, particularly the Californian Magazine. His productions, while at times not very pretentious, are enjoyed and held in high favor by a wide circle of readers, friends and admirers. The high standard and finish that he maintains, and which pervades his selections, stamp his work as that of an original writer of the most promising kind.

This is the first volume of collected work from the pen of Mr. Nettleton, and while not pretentious nor of an elaborate order, yet will favorably stand comparison with many first works of other writers, who have, in their later years, been recognized by the literary world as men of genius.

The first part of the volume is given up to "Thoughts," or meditations, and they embrace a vast variety of subjects. Many of them, while not distinguished by any catholicity of spirit, are remarkable for

their incisive fervor of sentiment, pervaded, as they are, by the breath of a pure and sincere religion. They are also distinctive of an equality of temperment, richly fortified by a serene faith in God; and apart from their literary qualities, they, altogether, form a collection of thoughts on diverse subjects, most conscientiously and faithfully expressive of the author's meditations on things mundane and eternal.

The sixteen "Pastels," which constitute the remaining part, are both original and pointed in their meaning. A few of their number have appeared in the magazines, but the major part are here given for the first time. "Picturesque Parables" might have seemed a more appropriate title than the word "Pastels," yet no word other than the one adopted, would have conveyed, so briefly, an understanding of the nature of the work, and introduced us so aimably into the strange creations of Mr. Nettleton's

fancy—half parables, half pastels; so original, so unique in their construction, and so earnest in their conviction.

L. S.
F. L. G.

PREFACE.

1. Deep subjects and high ideals can hardly be dwelt on too much, nor can a thoughtful presentation of them ever be out of place.

2. Whoso thinks at all, speaks perforce, and because it is as impossible for him to keep silence, if he be honest, as it is for the lighted candle to extinguish itself.

3. Some books are flowers from the plant of life, and no thoroughly honest man will allow any bloom of his life to be seen by others unless he is sure it possesses more truth or beauty than their opposites.

4. In our own work we take as much pleasure in the process as in the result, but in the work of others conclusions alone yield us the most pleasure and profit.

5. We can read in a few seconds that which it took one hours, perhaps, to think out and write to his satisfaction; *ergo*, we

should rarely pass unfavorable or even favorable judgment on any matter before having considered it carefully. Thought demands thought.

6. A true man cares not whether his book die or live save as he cares for the death of falsehood and the life of truth.

7. If others shall receive even part of the pleasure and help from reading this book that I have received from writing it, I shall feel deeply rewarded.

C. P. N.

HAYWARDS, CAL.,
OCTOBER, 1893.

(*For the kind permission to use in this volume some matter which originally appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, SHORT STORIES, PACIFIC RURAL PRESS, and other magazines, acknowledgement is due the editors and gladly made.*)

*To M****

"The Sun, the Sun," I cried. Ah yes!
I knew that flash as men must guess
The dawn at waking. Holy light,
That drew my soul to thee, Good-night.
My path—peace! all's well with thee; less
Than that could I wish thee? I bless
The Giver, Taker,—He does right,—
And wait that Day none say, Good-night.
O love, no light of stars nor earth-caress
Is sweet as thinking of life's last Good-night.

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Hold open the door of thy heart;
Reach out, as I reach unto you;
Hand in hand let us ponder, apart,
In the glory of quest for the True.

THOUGHTS.

1. Thought is practical only when it keeps practical things in subjection.

2. If flowers are the language of angels, music is the language of God.

3. Our comforts render us complacent, lazy; our sorrows keep us painfully awake and also force comforts to minister strength.

4. Hard it is to feel that what we know would be our best thoughts we cannot express to even ourselves.

5. Strife for truth is a kind of praise to God.

6. He who teaches men to think does them a nobler service than he who teaches them all other things combined.

7. Man is the soul of nature, and each man is to himself the soul of nature. That is, if he be noble and love nature he will see in her just so much of beauty and worth as he is, and if he be mean himself he will care little for her and see hardly a shadow of her beauty.

8. The law of compensation is spiritually what the law of conservation of energy is materially. No act in either world ends with the act itself.

9. The devil hates solitude.

10. When we look back on ourselves as we were one year ago we see wherein we were foolish and how often we committed evil. Let us be humble at the present time, for in a year from now we shall again reach the same conclusion.

11. All can be active; they who accomplish, do so by combining wisdom with their activity.

12. Paradoxical but true: the greater the heart the less room in it for evil.

13. Wouldst thou have thy burdens lightened? Help thy brother in his need and tenfold shall it be returned thee.

14. Is it the ambition of thy life to greatly bless thy fellow-men? This may be more easily accomplished, perhaps, than thou thinkest. Begin with thyself, live purely, nobly, unselfishly, and so far as this is done thy purpose is fruitioned. Do more if thou canst, but to govern one kingdom is more than most men do.

15. Most of the evil wrought in the world is the result of thoughtlessness, not premeditation, but it is none the less an evil, and, seeing it could have been prevented, a crime.

16. All knowledge is good in itself, but unless a man has omnipotent strength he had better let some of it alone till he has.

17. It is better to do a wrong act from a good motive than a good act from a wrong motive.

18. We ought to view everything from the standpoint of God.

19. When we cannot at the same time be true to ourselves and true to others we must be true to ourselves. Right may fall back one step in our direction but it gains two in another.

20. To tire of a thing is no sign of inconstancy; rather is it the reverse, as it may show we are true to a higher principle.

21. What does originality consist in except in appropriating and using to an unusual and striking advantage facts and observations which are public property? When comes a mind great enough to properly appreciate and present common occur-

rences—and all occurrences are common—then we say: Behold a genius!

22. Gain first God's approval, then thine own, setting thy small watch by the great Regulator, and let the opinion of the world count for naught. Do right; if the world approve, well; if not, thou losest but a trifle.

23. Recognition of truth is not sympathy with truth, although often confounded with it.

24. Men of great attainments receive too much praise, while men of small calibre, who achieve, in consequence, little, do not receive enough praise, though they may have exerted more strength proportionately.

25. To the wise man no thing is strange, because every thing is strange.

26. The man who is not an optimist is thoughtless, or of poor judgment, or a knave.

27. We speak of "great men"; is this to our credit? Yes, and No. Yes, because we ought to recognize a man's natural and acquired qualities, and No, because we ought to be his equal in striving for Truth, in which alone true greatness consists.

28. The Scholar, while in the world, is not of the world All things he must put

under his feet; he must try to be the Truth, and hence every thing must submit to him, that is, to the Truth.

29. "But," thou sayest, "every one ought to seek the Truth;" very true: every one, then, ought to be a Scholar.

30. Steadily and more clearly do I see that there is nothing in the world but little things. These little things, however, acquire a startling significance when viewed in this light.

31. When a man works so much that he has no time or room for pride he receives more honor from others than he could ever give himself.

32. Most of us are not strong enough to be gentle; we are weak, and attempt to conceal it by indifference and rudeness.

33. Man is a spirit consisting of two principles, and the stage beyond the period of earthly existence is the continuing and perfecting of the principle which predominated here. Which rules thee the more, Good or Evil?

34. The best—noblest—diplomacy is to have none.

35. In wanting to be loved, better give

love to an hundred persons who do not love thee than wait for some one to love thee first.

36. True sorrow for sin indicates such advance that the soul will not again fall as readily into it.

37. The soul should not, and in thinking persons does not, find any thing purely negative. Each thing assists or retards progress.

38. As the fact of the earth's moving can be proved only by an appeal to reason, so the fact of future life can be proved only by an appeal to intuition, and not, in either case, by the senses.

39. Almost every man is honestly anxious for himself to develope, yet seems naturally to think of every one else as stationary.

40. We do not fully understand ourselves, yet lay down rules for the conduct of others!

41. If each man had half as much charity for the world in general as he has for himself, strife of all kinds would cease.

42. If we are strong and wish it, no thing can injure us and each thing will do us good.

43. Many people pray too much in words; the best prayer, the only true prayer is work.

44. The very fact that we cannot always decide a point proves our indefinite and immense capabilities, and should be the source of an awful joy. Did we feel a limit in thinking we should have to decide our powers mortal.

45. Set that man down as one who looks on death as the end of all who always finds language adequate to express his feelings.

46. Better be wholly unsuccessful in a right course than successful in a wrong one.

47. While genius has little regard for common-sense, a lack of common-sense does not necessarily indicate genius.

48. Of ourself we tell only the good; of our neighbors perhaps the good, but certainly the bad.

49. To expect love to be perfectly satisfied with anything less than love in return, is as futile as expecting a woman's fan to create a vacuum in the open air.

50. Our capacity for learning from others is proportioned to our capacity for putting ourself in their place.

51. People who always want a reason for everything resemble the man who would demand proof of the statement that the shortest line between two points is a straight line.

52. Strange, that in things temporal we desire to possess others' goods, or at least goods like others', but in things spiritual think our own attainments the best! It shows how much more strongly we are affected through the senses than through the soul.

53. If we are dissatisfied with our attainments there is hope for us. Then so long as dissatisfaction exists we should be satisfied.

54. After all, viewed aright, nothing can be too much trouble in itself.

55. One reason why so many persons feel a great reserve towards others is that the disagreeables are on the surface, and what we wish to say does not harmonize with the externals.

56. The law of contrast is stronger than the law of harmony. This is one of the reasons why discords are sometimes written in music, "that harmony should be prized."

57. The originality which takes a form unwise in itself is better than a slavish conformity to society, which would mold all into a dead life. The only trouble lies in the fact that the originality takes a wrong form.

58. The habit of questioning every thing, which by so many is considered dangerous to purity, is absolutely necessary; the only danger is from false judgment.

59. However much we may think our ideal man is the combination of the qualities most nearly perfect of all our acquaintances, he is most nearly like ourself.

60. God's curse on man was not that he must labor, but that the labor necessary to existence should antagonize the soul and hinder its development. We must eat before we think. Yet with watchfulness this very curse may be transmuted into gold.

61. The philospher sees Truth, and sees it in its barest form; the poet sees also the beauty of Truth.

62. Troubles and griefs are the rainstorms of the soul.

63. The wicked man values his repu-

tation, not his character, while the righteous man cares for his character and but very little for his reputation.

64. Bondage to Truth is the only freedom known.

65. Perfect knowledge of one natural object, one blade of grass for instance, would explain all earthly things.

66. We demand sympathy but give only pity.

67. It is better to decide, be the decision right or wrong, than to be continually wavering.

68. And still, better waver than decide and then never be willing to change.

69. He who cannot change his opinions is a fool; he who will not change them is a knave.

70. Age petrifies most people as silica hardens wood, but a few resemble the evergreen, which is larger and more symmetrical in old age than in youth.

71. Love is the greatest developer of the soul hence love is the end, the object, of our present existence

72. For thinking people condensed information is best, but most people do not think for themselves, hence the immense

amount of mental pabulum. The daily paper is as much a curse as a blessing.

73. "Out of sight, out of mind;" if this were quite true, how happy we might be!

74. Look on the worst side of the past, and the best side of the future.

75. We can best impress ourselves on others by our love. Wisdom repels at first, but love attracts, and opens the way for wisdom. Hence, if you would do the most good, love.

76. If we be God's children it is impossible, in the full sense of that word, for him to forsake us: can he forsake himself?

77. I hold that idea to be a true one, that was held in former times more extensively than now, that each man is an actual part of God. Like all best things it can be perverted into a most serious evil, but if I believe it to be true I may say so. It is an awful thought. It throws a light on the problem of our existence, and makes our lives more sublime than ever.

78. Evil is limited, good is unlimited. We see no end to good, and straightway are discouraged because we are so far from perfection.

79. Silence is Perfection: language and

all other material things are imperfect and very annoying at times, but we think of Silence and rejoice. I sometimes think God, Heaven, Eternity, all dwell in Silence.

80. There is really no "reward" and "punishment" for good and evil. Remorse for sin, which we call "punishment" is a part of sin, its culmination, and good finds Heaven to be simply the perfection of itself.

81. Self-denial is the purest form of selfishness.

82. Few people can have what they want in the material world, but in the realm of the mind men can be pretty nearly what they WILL to be.

83. We are aware, by its effects, of a power not connected with the senses. It appeals to the soul from all material objects, from some more strongly than from others, but it eludes our comprehension and even grasp; we cannot define it. We are perhaps reading a book and feel strongly drawn to take up some other book unread before, when lo! this last passage is a companion to or climax of the first. We feel a presence in the room, and may perhaps know whom it is, yet we learned it not through the five

senses. Who shall instruct us in this language, this intuition of the spirit?

84. The souls of mankind combined would not make a God.

85. Thoughtlessness is the most extreme selfishness in its relation to others, and the worst possible evil in its relation to ourself.

86. Our highest moments are our truest. We must judge ourselves by such moments, and measure our acts and attainments by their height and not by the low standard of common hours.

87. If every man were so good as in his heart he believes himself to be, five men would fully supply the world.

88. Woe betide a man if in his care for his house he starve the master of the house! We must eat and take care of the body in many ways, but most men end with that, forgetting the soul.

89. One's habitual thoughts react on the will which formed them, each strengthening the other. Do we like to think? Good. Are our thoughts pure and beautiful? Better. And if they fruition into life, best of all, and the reason why we have the thinking faculty.

90. Concentration of thought on one idea

at a time, long continued, it may be, is the secret of most success, most knowledge, and while we are about it why not dwell on worthy objects? Most men drift without aim; grasp the oars and get somewhere!

91. Marriage, while giving one person to the other, makes each more capable of blessing others. Thus while in a form selfish, marriage is still more unselfish.

92. The greatest thinker is he who can tell us most about ourself.

93. The older the body the younger —purer—the soul should be.

94. Strike your colors to no man. You too are a man, and must live originally, for yourself and out of yourself.

95. A religious man adapts himself to God, while a fanatic adapts God to himself.

96. All known things may be classed under four names: materially, dust and soul; spiritually, good and evil.

97. Geniuses are they who understand the art of expression, first to themselves, then outwardly. They utter what others only feel.

98. The highest practicality is the materialization of ideality.

99. The pessimist says, There is a val-

ley for every hill: the optimist says, There is a hill for every valley.

100. When souls shall be able to communicate with each other by other means than the body, they will give and receive perfection, they will know and will be at peace simply through existing.

101. Soul is supreme and should be indifferent to every conceivable thing but itself. This is why great men so often shock us by their disregard of bodily and social laws; but our fault it is, not their's.

102. A man, like a tree, should grow heavenward in defiance of all material laws: let him but say, I am superior, and he is superior.

103. The only result of staring into the mystery of human life is to bring tears to the eyes, tears of pain to some and of joy to others.

104. A soul, perfection, can never express itself perfectly through the medium it has at present, an imperfect body.

105. While we live in the past and the future, we possess only the past.

106. As in music one continued discord ruins the entire piece, so one continued sin may ruin a man's whole life.

107. Praise tends to lower some men's standard, censure always strengthens.

108. Music is the expression of silence. Music, of all things which appeal to the senses, is a link and the only link between heaven and earth. It appeals to the senses, it is true, but is the purest, least earthly, the one perfect thing, of all things which do so appeal.

109. There are three uses of love. First, the prostitution of love into sexual passion, which is—what we call—beastly. Second, the degradation of love, into finding in man the end of love. The third use of love, which alone is right, is the thought of love as Perfection—another word for God—each man and, if you wish, each living object, being but a fragment. Hence, love is reverential. Also, the truest love always has an element of dissatisfaction in it, cannot contain itself with less than the whole.

110. If life be hard, it is so that we may learn how to make it easy.

111. Because things in this world are wholly relative, it is sometimes true that an act which is wrong to one man is right to another.

112. Love must be active or it will die.

113. Perfection is the marriage of matter and mind. Or, it is when the attainments of matter equal the attainments of mind, or when ability equals thought.

114. If we were able to see with the bodily eye a true man, that is, the spirit, as, say, Emerson, the sight would dazzle us. We could not see even so small a part of God without trembling.

115. The isolation of a great mind must beone of the worst concomitants of genius.

116. The more we love a person, the less, as a rule, we feel like talking when in his presence. The very consciousness of being near him is all-sufficent.

117. What more may man ask than to be literally a child of God?

118. If he who criticises does not benefit others or himself he is doing no good, but is "creation's blot, creation's blank".

119. Slang is dethroned poetry.

120. All excel in one or two good traits, he who excels in most is the great man.

121. Every man owes the world all the nobility of character it is possible for him to become possessed of. One of the few things wherein man underestimates himself is his

influence on others. The world is more strongly affected by him than he thinks.

122. Speak nothing but good of the dead; we know enough evil of the living.

123. To be never discouraged is not always a sign of wisdom.

124. God is the author of the two grandest poems ever written, Woman, and Nature.

125. It is our bounden duty to ennoble ourselves and others. This demands work, but neglect is a crime.

126. God never allows an unnecessary person; every living human being is essential to creation. He has a commission to fulfil, and just damnation awaits the man who runs away or wilfully neglects his work.

127. Hope is frequently inverted experience.

128. Each thing in the material world is symbolic. The primary reason for its existence is that it may bless the soul of man.

129. To have our good acts evil spoken of is better than to have our bad acts well spoken of.

130. Let fancy fly, but judgment should walk.

131. Almost all men believe that right shall ultimately triumph, but why do they not act up to this conviction? Because they are either thoughtless or selfish.

132. The world may owe you a living, but the nobility that you owe the world is a greater debt and will forbid you taking your due.

133. More great poems are lived than written.

134. The man who works not with either body or brain is a curse. He is a very devil, robbing himself, mankind, and God.

135. The human heart must overflow when great grief or joy comes, or else, perhaps unconsciously, suffer physically.

136. The mysterious is always the most fascinating.

137. Most people can bear blame from enemies, but few can withstand flattery from friends.

138. Love is a paradox: beginning with regard for one, it is not diminished but greatly increased by being allowed to overflow on others.

139. With the exception of love, its mother, nothing terrestrial satisfies a man

so completely as to have a woman whom he likes jealous of him!

140. A verbal promise is as binding morally as a written promise is legally.

141. Make a distinction between inherited and acquired nobility. The one we deserve no credit for, the other we deserve all credit for.

142. Unapplied wisdom is like pearls in the sea.

143. No act is negative; it is either good or bad.

144. The rule, Silence is golden, is generally true, but there are many times when silence is dishonoring.

145. The highest test of love is the sentiment expressed in this phrase by Mrs. Browning: "You please me when you please yourself".

146. Throughout Nature, as we know her, nothing is lost: apparently destroyed, the object has simply assumed another form. So it is in the moral world: good deeds, bad words, all leave ineffaceable impressions.

147. All persons displease me in some way; shall I, therefore, refuse to love them? Nay; I should rather exert myself to love them so much for the good that is in them

that my thoughts of their good qualities shall outweigh my thoughts of their bad ones.

148. The highest joys are inseparable from the greatest griefs, and whether or no both shall affect us for good depends on ourself.

149. He who never believes the simple statements of others cannot expect to be ever believed himself.

150. The heart that beats strongest for suffering man is the heart best capable of loving God.

151. Wisdom is one of the few good things which sometimes comes to man unsought.

152. True greatness is tolerant of others' scrutiny; the mean soul cannot bear investigation.

153. A man proud without reason is a most detestable creature; proud with reason he is allowable, but negative.

154. The man who is humble enough to acknowledge that others' opinions are sometimes better than his own is wise enough to be seldom wrong.

155. Good blesses the doer of it more than the receiver.

156. When nobody has anything to say against me, let me die!

157. The soul's instinct must be the decider of what is right and what is wrong, but as every soul is more or less imperfect it follows that men will always differ in their judgment. We have no absolute standard of perfection, or, rather, we are not able to either see perfection or agree on a definition of it.

158. The same qualities precisely are in all men, but not in equal proportions.

159. Men break promises made to a multitude when they keep those made to one person, but in other matters they honor the mass even when they despise every individual man in it.

160. Probably thought is as substanial to a spirit as material things are to the body.

161. Our joys may cease and we are sad for a time: but when hope ceases neither the past nor the present can please us.

162. It should be our aim not to keep the sabbath holier than the other days, but to make all the days as holy as the sabbath.

163. Paralysis of the soul is the worst disease on earth, and the most common.

164. Love curves on itself and rewards the lover more than the beloved.

165. Society and solitude are of equal necessity. In society we receive: in solitude we digest. But ah, blessed are we if in solitude we can both receive and digest.

166. God, looking into the future, sees man—able and compelled to choose for himself—decide between heaven and hell, and then, having allowed him to choose, ordains that as his choice is in time so shall be his portion in eternity. This and this only is predestination.

167. Despair is the illegitimate child of Misfortune and Weakness.

168. Our life is a cloud, hiding the sky of eternity.

169. When truths seem not to harmonize be sure a link, a third truth, connecting the two others, is missing. Truths must necessarily harmonize, but our imperfect knowledge raises confusion.

170. Which is harder, to see the evil in the persons we like, or to see the good in those we do not like?

171. Life forms the body,—and then is subject to it!

172. If we were as afraid of being wrong as we are of being serious we would be so serious that we would not be so often wrong.

173. Eternity is not prolonged time, but a state.

174. The wise man knows the fool for a fool, but the fool can never know the wise man for a wise man, or he would be wise himself. The greater may include the less and still be great, but the part is never more than a part.

175. Each man is necessarily the standard, in one sense, by which he measures all else, both man and matter.

176. If we did as well as we know, we would soon be perfect.

177. Progress self-evidently involves life, and life is, we may say, the growing principle. Now bodily life of all kinds feeds on material lower than itself, but soul-life feeds on principles, or life, higher than itself.

178. Many persons' externals are more beautiful than they themselves, as, face and manners, but persons inwardly beautiful are usually beautiful in externals also.

179. The peace of life is a totally different thing from the peace of death.

180. Things which we absolutely know but which, from the nature of the case, are not provable to others and which we will not explain, most people will neither believe nor forgive us for affirming.

181. The highest compliment that can be paid to a woman is to treat her as a man should be treated: that is, frankly and honestly, with the utmost courtesy and purity.

182. We judge ourselves by what we do, that is, the good; we judge others by their omission of the good, that is, their sins.

183. The hypocrite is never so near exposure as when his righteousness is called into question; no one shall question HIS righteousness.

184. The worst form of conceit is that springing from humility.

185. The pain in ecstasy of feeling is caused by the inability of the body to keep pace with the unusual demands of the soul.

186. Senses, or the sense, may be right, spirit is right. Sense involves a mixture of evil with good; spirit is wholly pure.

187. The worst hunger is that of the heart, for love: the worst satiety is that of the heart, being obliged, through not finding

any one to love, to expend all its love-wealth on itself.

188. I wish to fear nothing that I know of but fear.

189. Instinct is the sun, reason the moon.

190. The fear of intruding is often a great discourtesy: friends must not act like acquaintances.

191. Reason is confined to the earth, spirit, or intuition, is unconfined.

192. We should prepare for death? Not so: we should prepare for something more solemn—Life.

193. Irreverence for the name of God is by no means the only form of profanity. Any good thing,—person, object, or idea, may be profaned.

194. There are two classes of people to whom we reveal ourselves; our friends, because they understand us, and a certain other class because—they are stupid.

195. The more we love ourselves the more we please God: The less we love ourselves the more we please God. Both these statements are true.

196. Perfect freedom of soul can never be obtained without first conforming perfectly to the natural needs of the body.

197. The best friend distrusts himself more than he does his friend.

198. If we with all the heart desired perfection, we should be perfect. The perfect desire and the attainment are identical.

199. "Pain is a sign of life," but life need not be a sign of pain.

200. Working as a fragment of the whole, a man may honorably accept any aid offered. Working selfishly, to accept any aid is dishonorable.

201. Labor may be dignified, but some men are compelled to be decidedly undignified in doing it.

202. For a person who has never loved to try to understand it is like a blind person endeavoring to judge of the merits of a picture. He may handle it, and possibly gain some little impression of it through the finger-tips, but—!

203. Excess of hope is despair.

204. Intuition compels, reason advises.

205. Men reverence the dead more than the living, and thus prove themselves fools.

206. The real basis of all love, all friendship, all goodwill, is reverence.

207. The strength as well as the difficulty of renouncing is exactly proportioned

to the intensity of the feeling present, if we but knew it.

208. Affectation is the desire to appear different from what we are, but it is sometimes confused with the desire to develope and improve ourselves.

209. Abstract truth has little influence over us; to draw us strongly it must be connected with something earthly.

210. The more we lean on others the more capable we are of strengthening others.

211. "The world is a chaos; life is a puzzle and a farce;" granted for the sake of the argument: perhaps it is thy solo business to bring some order into the world, and to solve life and make it serious by the dignity of thy actions.

212. Is the darkness of the beyond worse than the folly of the past? Take heart, then, be brave and wise, using well thy materials, however poor they may be.

213. Which prefer you to see, a symmetrical and handsomely carved statue of wood, or an ugly one of ivory? If compelled to choose, which would you be?

214. What if all the range of notes in sound that we can hear, from lowest bass to highest treble, should be but one note in the

whole of music,—the middle C, say, fragmented for man!

215. Knowledge is often more lamentable than ignorance, because used wrongly. Still, learn at any cost.

216. We sometimes utter truths and yet are not able to explain how we come to say them, nor even to argue out our reasons for believing them. There is no disputing with the reasons of the soul, no proof outside of themselves.

217. The home of the body is stationary; the home of the soul is everywhere, in all things, in the realm of the mind and the realm of the spirit. But some souls seem to have no home!

218. This delight in the mysterious is the vague endeavor to find the purpose and soul which we instinctively feel to be in all, to which we are related.

219. Love for one cannot be confined to that particular soul; it will overflow on our friends. This overflow is a test of love.

220. By analyzing others we become harsh and uncharitable: by analyzing ourselves we become gentle and sympathetic.

221. Hope must be for something definite, else it is not hope but uneasy longing.

222. To give up one's rights is perhaps as often a sign of weakness as of strength.

223. Both old age and youth make mistakes, old age from being too conservative, youth from being too radical, but if the world is to advance it is more necessary to be radical than conservative.

224. There are three kinds of reserve, natural reserve or bashfulness, the reserve of purity, which shrinks from the touch of some persons, and the reserve of unworthiness or weakness, which wishes to appear better than it is.

225. Actions are plain, but the motives being mixed or hidden entirely, we are more apt to judge wrongly than rightly.

226. And we cannot rightly divide between the motives for our own actions, yet pass judgment on others' actions!

227. The deepest love makes the greatest mistakes.

228. Just as we may apprehend Divinity but not comprehend it, so must we apprehend that others may be right, whether we can justify their deeds or not. What is wrong to one person may be perfectly right to another.

229. If any one thing more than another

proves the nobility of man it is that 'tis easier to love than to hate.

230. We might live in perpetual silence without losing very much, but no one can live in a perpetual round of words without losing very, very much.

231. Insults are unconscious tributes to superiority.

232. Hope is the fountain of life, renewing us daily from the immortalities of perfection.

233. Evil apprehends good but cannot comprehend it: good both apprehends and comprehends evil.

234. Earthly evil may be wholly evil, but no earthly good is unalloyed.

235. Both the fanatic and the true man say, "Pursue Truth, at any cost," but the fanatic looks only at the end, the true man considers the means also.

236. "To thine own self be true;" truly, the most difficult thing in the world.

237. If the head comprehends we may still converse, whether the heart comprehend or not, but when neither heart nor head understand, conversation ceases.

238. What we receive is almost exactly

proportioned to what we first give or are willing to give.

239. To always decide slowly is folly: to always decide quickly is much worse folly.

240. To truly learn from experience, the rules we can draw from one experience must be applied to other things. Few people do this, and thus many never learn from experience.

241. Foolishly saved means foolishly spent.

242. Silence and tears are the only things that can express extreme joy as well as extreme grief.

243. Fate deals the cards, and fate may decree that we lose; but we make many mistakes in playing them, and our mistakes are worse than anything done by fate.

244. Pain should be to us not as a hornet but as a bee: both sting, but from the bee we receive honey also.

245. Man may develop himself into the greatest thing or the smallest thing on earth.

246. Does the builder question the bricks as to whether they would rather be near the bottom of the wall or the top, on the inside or the outside? They all have their places, and each place is important. Who knows

how greatly he is needed in the world, or what a crime it would be to remove himself?

247. If man trembled as much over his sins as he does over the future, he would have less reason to dread anything the future might bring.

248. Do nothing of which you would be ashamed to have the world know.

249. Men honor men when they do not honor God, but they cannot honor God without honoring men.

250. Body wavers, soul is steadfast: body needs change, soul needs no change: body asks proof: soul needs no proof: body doubts, soul believes.

251. Soul can teach reason, but reason cannot teach soul. Soul is at once plaintiff and defendent, lawyer and witness, judge and sheriff.

252. The bad usually improve on acquaintance; the good sometimes lose.

253. We should instruct ourselves, not others, or, at least, ourselves first, then others through us.

254. Beauty must contain truth, or 'tis not beauty. As well try to find the rose's perfume independent of the rose as to expect beauty to be independent of the truth.

255. We win our friends more through their nobleness than our own.

256. Simplicity is one of the most necessary and profound studies of life.

257. Sincerity always demands and receives respect, but not sincerity nor frankness nor strength combined are able to root a fact in another man. Truth must first be present to some extent, then these aids-de-camp may assist.

258. Words are but the body of thought, and like our earthly body cannot be fully controlled; nor do they exactly express us.

259. Thou art dissatisfied because thy good acts are not admitted as such, not even seen? The greatest buildings have the deepest foundations; many stones have to be hidden, and who can say but your acts are as necessary, nay, more so, than many others, to some building too large for our eyes to measure?

260. Great men seek simplicity in thoughts, in words, in illustrations, and are greatly fundamental. Small men seek greatness as if it were a fact in itself, and not a great combination of small things.

261. Head-analysis and heart-feeling do not make a happily-married couple.

262. Looking for flowers without thorns is the most likely way of finding thorns without flowers.

263. It is the duty of conscience not only to make action accord with present belief, but to guide the mind when it contemplates changing its beliefs. Beliefs change because the mind honestly seeks truth, but conscience, properly speaking, never changes

264. Grief finds no rest in rest, but only in action.

265. Many a person's most subtle thoughts and exquisite impressions are lost to himself and others because no one responds exactly to them, when if they did so respond other and wiser shades, from still more remote and delicate recesses of the mind, would come firmly forth, to the surprise and joy of both.

266. The most valuable silence is that which is judiciously used to punctuate and accentuate speech with.

267. Love is the force that unites, that harmonizes. Perfect love means perfect union

268. The individual is most himself when he becomes most universal.

269. Only he who is perfect need never apologize.

270. Half our ambition is caused by the faith of others in us.

271. Those who object to any one's quoting frequently never say anything themselves worthy of being heard, much less quoted.

272. Paradoxes are the most simple and yet profound expressions obtainable of truth. This is because they contain both sides of truth, or, I might say, they bring the poles of truth together.

273. We may argue about duty, but not against it.

274. It requires as much wisdom to be wisely stupid as to be simply wise.

275. Some people are so very over-conscientious and so very obstinate that if they once get the idea into their head that something is wrong, if God himself should tell them that it was right I verily believe they would contradict him.

276. Be as wise and strong and as nearly perfect in every way as possible, or the time will inevitably come when you will falter or perhaps fail for lack of what you might have had, or should have been.

277. God himself never puts on us more than we can bear, but he sometimes allows

our fellow human-beings to put on us things which would be unbearable if he did not uphold us. But, O suffering heart, because he allows such things he will always uphold us.

278. He who is sufficient for himself is the foolishest of the foolish or the wisest of the wise.

279. Imagination causes misery oftener than happiness.

280. Let us get what comfort we can from the thought that perhaps heaven will be inversely proportioned to all those sufferings of hell which have strayed to earth.

281. He is the strongest of all strong men who can honestly smile at the grave of buried hope.

282. The greatest sins committed, both intentionally and unintentionally, are done in the name of righteousness.

283. The end of our acts is the end of eternity.

284. In objective affairs the pleasure is in the pursuit and not in the attainment: in subjective affairs the pleasure is in the attainment, or the success.

285. To say that we know nothing is much more untrue than to affirm that we know all things: the first statement is a

complete falsity, the other contains a little truth, as no sane man is wholly devoid of knowledge.

286. There is more hope of the man who has great vices than of him who has no great virtues.

287. The only time when failure means more failure than gain is when we do not rise above it.

288. Truth wished to make a visible rosary of her parts for man's use—and made men write books. What would books have been if Truth were not alloyed by man's imperfect nature?

289. Books bring priceless knowledge, but unless they develope us by throwing us more heavily back on ourselves we miss the greatest knowledge they can teach us.

290. Almost anything, even fanaticism, is much more forgivable than flippancy.

291. It should be a pleasure to admit, when we see it, that we have made a mistake or been at fault.—Not a pleasure in itself, of course, but because proof to ourself and evidence to others that our strife for purity is so sincere we will as freely condemn ourself, when occasion demands, as others.

292. Men are loved for nothing in particular,—without reason; they are disliked for one or two particular things, and with reason.

293. Revenge is the bastard child of Justice and Hate

294. Reticence means lack of thoughts and stupidity oftener than depth or self-control.

295. The wise are oftener foolish than the foolish are wise.

296. The fisherman who cares not to lose or risk his flies, catches nothing.

297. More have repented speech than silence.

298. Knowledge is to some a burden on the back, to others a carriage.

299. The great see resemblances; the little see differences.

300. In one of the churches in Rome there is an elaborately painted ceiling which seems without beauty or harmony of design unless viewed from one particular point; so the perplexing mosaic of life cannot be interpreted aright save from the standpoint of faith,—faith in God and the hereafter.

301. Seeking pleasure for its own sake is like drinking brine to quench thirst.

302. From one thing a genius unfolds the world. Most men cannot discover one thing from an entire world.

303. Talent is voluntary concentration; genius is involuntary concentration.

304. Only small things deserve argument; great things are above it.

305. Stagnation is the result of not having known life: peace is the result of having lived, of having conquered.

306. Harmony with God is the aim of this world, the one end of all religions. Our discords arise from the finiteness of our means.

307. The genius reads others from a knowledge of himself; the ordinary man reads himself by comparison with others.

308. "I forgive;" in what way dost thou forgive when thou art still influenced by the past?

309. That friendship is very frail which thinks it necessary to always give presents in exchange for presents received.

310. The chief business of life is to make distinctions.

PASTELS IN PROSE.

8—57

In the forests of darkness and sadness
There are glades from the glories above,
And the guide to their infinite gladness
Is the light of an infinite love.

PASTELS IN PROSE.

I.

DUTY.

All the men of the city, with one exception, are hastening out to win or die on the plain below the city. The one solitary man remaining bids them be brave, and says, "Ye must do your duty."

A woman who overhears him says, with a flash of her wavering, uncertain eyes, "You coward, why do you tell them to go but stay here yourself?"

He turns to her slowly and replies, very gently and as though he saw her not, "It is their place to kill and be killed, it is my place to live and create."

And the heavy tread of the departing men is confused and lost in the joyous song of a little bird in a cage just over their heads.

II.

A SAINT.

She had involuntarily revealed to him her love, one hour when he was in great danger, and now he has had to write the decisive word. The letter lies before him, and with the face an angel of God might wear when on an errand of mercy he seals and directs it. He loves her, but duty calls, he fancies, and marriage is not for him.

Is he an angel of God?

She reads the letter, but she does not weep or moan. She is very calm, too calm, I think, for a human being in such agony.

Then she says. "He is one of God's saints: may he forgive him."

I pity her. Some of God's saints can be forgiven by only he himself.

III.

IN THE SHADOW.

In the dark shadow of a church an old man is leaning against the ivy-covered wall and watching the worshipers as they leave.

The light would dazzle him if he were in it, but he is in the shadow, in a very dark shadow, where these worshipers cannot see him and so where they cannot help him, of course.

These worshipers are still gazing heavenward, so that they even stumble sometimes as they walk from church.

(*God's love, God's strengthening grace.—The wind blows, and it is very cold to-night.*)

Many miles has this man walked to-day, how many perhaps no one will ever know. He walks back and forth a little, in the shadow, of course, where no one looks. He walks slowly, and his arms are folded, but he does not stand as erect as a man should when he folds his arms.

He watches the worshipers, and they are beautiful in his sight. He watches them, but not with envy nor anger, nor any other feeling that they would dislike to know; he simply watches them.

(*The love of woman, the love of babes, the love of loving.—The snow falls thickly to-night; it will be deep by morning.*)

The last of the worshipers has passed from the light of the church to the light of the street, and the sexton also has left.

The man stops walking and sits down. There is no place for him to sit but in the snow, and he sits in the snow.

He drops his face in his hands and tries to recall some words his mother taught him, but it is cold, and he is very hungry.

He sits there a long time and is very quiet. He cannot think, but he can still move, and after several trials he kneels down in the snow. He feels strong now, and speaks out loud, with a firm voice.

I hear his words but I cannot write them. They are the words of a curse, a curse against God, and I shudder.

God himself may hear a prayer.

After this the man is very still. I cannot see that he moves.

(*Music and flowers, peace and strength, man's love and God's love.—In heaven dwell God and strength and light; on earth man and weakness and darkness.*)

IV.

THE TURNING OF THE LEAF.

The poet is saying to himself, "This is perfect."

He is seated on a log just at the edge of a forest that slopes up the hill back of him. He is gazing over the fair valley below. A faint wind, warm, and fragrant with the smell of burning leaves, floats slowly past and brings memories of his early youth.

No man is near him, no sign of the imperfections of man mars the affirmative and perfect joy of living that causes him to involuntarily clasp his hands and murmur, "This is perfect."

He is quite content; he feels no satiety, and no lack.

He is at peace with all the earth, and with the unknown things beyond the earth. He thinks that not even the summons of the angel of death could mar the tranquility of his feelings. Heaven? Heaven is not so very far away, surely, just the turn of the next leaf of this vast and symmetrical cosmos. Almost he feels that it has been turned, so happy, so contented, is he.

While he has been thinking, with half-shut eyes, a woman has come up from the valley. She stands some ways from him, and looks at him. Suddenly he sees her, and starts at once to his feet.

The wind has turned the leaf over.

V.

THE MEASURE OF THE DRAUGHT OF LIFE.

In one of the strange visions I had while on that short but marvellous journey among the many realms of space, I saw, in one vast space separate and dreary, an Angel who seemed very busy. I drew near him, and as I did so the tears slowly gathered in my eyes, but why I could not say. I paused in front of him and watched in silence as he kept steadily at work. I wished to know what he was doing, but did not care to speak lest my voice should break, so strongly did he or his work affect me.

From a large mass of gray material on his right, and a much smaller mass, of the most dazzling colors, on his left, he was taking

small portions and handing them, mixed, to attendants who at once flew towards a small planet far, far off in the blue ether.

From time to time he seemed ready to sink beneath some vast burden, but at such times a Voice was heard, a Voice that made me tremble and caused the Angel to shudder and resume his work.

At last, very weary and very much troubled, I left him and followed one of those Angels who were flying towards the planet with the burdens of the dark and the light. Side by side we flew, and soon I was able to speak, but at that instant the Angel said to me, "I will tell you what you wish to ask. The Angel you saw measuring is undergoing his punishment for his life on that planet we are going to, a life spent in utter selfishness. His punishment is to mete out the joyous and the painful to the men of the earth, and, as you saw, the bitter things of that life far outweigh the sweet things. Nay, ask me not why the men of that earth must be so unhappy; there is but One in all the universe who can answer you that.

"Frequently the most worthy of that people receive the largest burdens of the gray, and but little of the beautiful. Their days

are passed in hope and misery mixed, and no man can sit down with joy and know that he shall rise with peace. When we carry to some mortal more of the beautiful than the dark, we know that he may be the chiefest sinner among them, and are sadder than when carrying burdens to the pure and the meek.

"My own punishment, also, is this of continually being the messenger of trouble and death always, and sometimes pleasure, though there is a worse fate than mine: there are some—but these are very strong and very wicked—who carry the gift of life."

And as the Angel swept onward alone, I said to my tears as they fell, "Life, and sorrow, and death: yea, fall fast, O tears, fall fast, if ye would keep pace with the way of the world."

VI.

IN THE NIGHT.

Buddhistic.

Richly carved is the bedstead, heavy and finely wrought the hangings surrounding it, while all the other things seem well adapted

to make any one happy who is so favored of the gods as to be laid thereon. Yet this woman, who can be dimly seen through the canopy, must be a strange creature. She is asleep, and one should be at peace, we think, when asleep, if at no other time. But see the muscles of her face, do they not twitch with pain, or at least unrest? And does not her entire body seem to slowly move from side to side on that luxurious bed? Truly she is in pain, because now the tears are coming, slowly forced out from under the eyelids. Steadily they flow, at first dropping one by one from the cheek, at last running down the cheek to the pure, white neck.

Can she not weep enough in the day-time, without marring the holy calm of the night? But hush:—maybe it is never daytime with her; there have been such, from the time when God and Satan both said, "It is very good."

Silently, steadily, still they flow. But ah, relief is surely near; an angel has been sent on an errand of mercy, and leans tenderly over the poor human. He will whisper to her words of comfort and strength, words, I think, of mysterious origin, since that

wretched earth could never supply them, probably they are from Heaven.

God have mercy, what a shriek that was! From her, HER, did it come, that long horrible wail? May the great Love surround her! Was she deaf, then, or did the Angel's words but wring her heart the more?

The Angel has gone; perhaps he can be of service in Heaven, since there is no place for him on earth.

Let us go. She could neither see the Angel, nor hear him, and we cannot help her. She must sleep on as best she can, alone, and blind, and deaf, cursed with the life of that planet.

Let us return to our own sphere, and be glad that what those beings call joy and pain can never invade our Nirvana.

VII.

THE OUTCAST.

Poor, pitiable creature! In rags, with bowed head and shame-faced walk, she stops me on the street and says, "Come with me."

Passersby, for though it is nearly midnight the city is still alive, eye us curiously and

smile. I cannot yield to her request, but I want to help her, to think of some plan by which she can earn an honest living. Ignorant, doubtless, and unskilled, what can she do? I look closely for signs of potential power and beauty of soul, but she is far from her childhood's grace, and her will has been weakened. I must pass on.

As I move away, she stands still, and looks at me. Her eyes do not blaze, she is not angry, but there is something in them that detains me.

She is my sister, if I am a man, she is a child *born* in His likeness, and can I leave her alone in her sin, ignorant and blind? If I have wisdom and light will they remain if unused? Am I better than she if I pass by on the other side? I, born in purity and bred like a human being, have still cursed God in the insanity of grief; I, strong, and having had converse with God, have still known the time when daily for years I have prayed for death, and all but laid down the burden of life. She, a woman, weak and alone, what know I of her birth and life? Dare I condemn her? Am I God?

She lays a hand on my arm and whispers, "Help me: I am starving."

I take her hand in mine and say, "My unknown sister, come with me. My need would be as great as yours if I did not help you. Come."

She looks doubtful at first, but finally gives me her arm and walks by my side.

There is a woman I know who can give her bread, and bread. To her we will go, and perhaps in the years to come this poor animal will learn a human being's capacity for communion with God, her Father and Mother.

VIII.

LOST.

The room is darkened, and the hush of a Mighty Spirit, the Spirit of the Future, envelopes the room, seeming to rise from the silent form on the bed, the form of a woman

In one corner and facing the bed sits a man, motionless, save for a barely perceptable swaying movement of the body, a man with dreamy eyes and a voluptuous chin. He seems in thought, and stares with large, steady eyes at the Spirit of the Future, which

takes the shape, in his mind, of a black moon floating in space.

The door opens, and some one, a man, enters. He enters slowly, as though in doubt, but as he sees the man in the chair looking steadily at Something and making no motion he advances rapidly and touches him on the shoulder. His act does not seem to be noticed.

The guardian of the law waits and speaks one word; he says, "Come". There is no reply, and again he touches the man, placing himself, as he does so, between him and the bed on which lies the form of the woman. The man in the chair slowly looks up, and acts as if he had lost something. He feels himself grasped roughly by the hand, and led toward the door. At the door his hands are placed against each other, in front of him, and bound together. He does not resist, he does not speak; perhaps he does not think. He is led away.

And why is he led away?

Out of love for a woman two men met under the oaks at the rising of the sun, and the door of the soul of one of them had in a flash been opened, and the other had smiled for joy. But his joy changed when he told the

woman, for she looked at him, and then fell to the ground.

Now they are together, and he is alone.

IX.

"IF YOU LOVE ME, LEAN HARD."

They two had been walking in a valley all the day, one sometimes in front of the other, again side by side; they had laughed much, and had paid little attention to the uses of the various articles they noticed, but spoke of their great variety and curious appearance. The path had been level, winding in and out among fields and woods and along gently-flowing streams, and their most serious occupation had been twining strings of flowers to swing between them. When they pulled too hard and broke the string they wept and tried to blame each other, but they always made another string and said, "This one will last longer."

As night closed in the path slowly wound upward among the hills. The streams of water grew shallower, and the oaks, with their lines of beauty, were exchanged for an occasional stiff and thin-branching pine.

The flowers also were not so easily made into chains and soon they reluctantly cast aside their last connecting flower-link, which they had held till it almost dropped to pieces in their hands.

Rapidly the path ascended. Below, the valley could easily be seen in all its wealth of woods and brooks and even flowers, and it seemed at each step that the remembrance of their first careless hours grew more sweet. Above, a cold, tenebrous fog obscured all, and they alternately laughed and shivered in the darkness.

They pressed onward. Indeed, they could not stop, much less turn backward and live again in the sunny valley. They drew near each other and the hand of each sought the hand of the other. The path grew steeper, and very rough, and very dangerous. Not so many words were spoken now, for strength was much needed, but the words they spoke were thoughtful and sincere. Each had to look well where he stepped, but they would sometimes stumble and cry out in pain, and the pain, once felt, stayed ever.

Then each grasped the other's hand closer and said, "Will you not lean on me a little?"

But although each said it earnestly neither one would burden the other with his thoughts, and for a time they endured silently.

When the moon came up they were almost sorry, for although they could see each other more clearly the emicant rays served mainly to reveal the pain they could but show in their faces At last, by degrees, they talked over their trials, and as love saw that in dismissing sympathy from self and trying to save the beloved sorrow, they lost sympathy and gained but little, and because love will not be satisfied to burden others yet share no burdens, each cried as with one mind, "Lean more heavily on me."

And they were surprised to find that as each one shared the other's troubles his own troubles grew less weighty. As this dawned on them they tried to reason it out but could not do so. When they fully realized this most wonderful paradox of love, the cry of each came from the heart, "If you love me, lean hard."

And then and not till then they regained all the beauty of the happy valley-hours, with added sweetness and depth.

X.

SERAPHAEL AND SERAPHITA.

Drawn together by the principle of mutual affinity, Seraphael and Seraphita thought but of each other and withdrew themselves from among the other angels in Heaven.

With greater lavishness than this world can conceive had God endowed them with spiritual graces, and in silent and perfect adoration each had acknowledged his debt and his happiness until they met each other. Even then, by their almost infinite strength and wisdom they had refrained from all selfishness, and without consciousness of refraining, for what would be, if measured by the measure bound in the mind of man, thousands upon thousands of cycles, and for many more cycles, innumerable cycles, they had fought selfishness.

There came a time when they conquered the shadow of evil which hung over them, and then rang intensely through all Heaven's souls the reverberations of renewed love for the great Source of Love.

At this time Seraphael and Seraphita might have been relieved from all danger of

again committing the same error, but they did not choose to accept such freedom. They were stronger now, they were wiser now, they were purer than they had been.

But once more the self in each sought the other too strongly, once more the joy they derived from each other blinded them to the presence of the Supreme Source of Joy. They forgot that the light they so adored in each other was bestowed on them by the Essence of Light, when he called them forth from the Infinite and gave them names, and lo! they were!

Surrounded by the Light Himself, they were yet in darkness unless near each other.

Then God spake.

When they heard His voice they were afraid. They turned themselves to listen.

God spake, and they heard His words.

"Because you have forgotten God while in Heaven, you shall struggle to remember Him while in a new place,—struggle endlessly, and well-nigh in vain.

"Because the Light of the Absolute was no light to you, you shall seek the Light with many tears, troubled, and doubting, and never agreeing between yourselves as to what is light and what is darkness.

"Because you refused the perfection I gave you, you shall be tormented by the imperfections I now give you.

"For wrapped in swaddling-bands you shall be, the dark bands of bodies of earth, narrow, and vile, and in every way unfit. Through these you shall re-learn the laws of Heaven, through these you shall procreate your kind, and the sufferings borne by your children shall be borne again by you before you can regain Heaven.

"You have desired each other more than you have desired me: take each other as fully as you can, and bless or curse yourselves as you will.

"Go! I create a sphere for you, the Earth. If you seek me early, you shall find me. I will not leave you wholly, because I cannot be unjust, but if you seek me, *seek me through each other*. Only thus, by unselfishness, shall your crime of loving the part and not the Whole, be blotted out."

In this manner sinned the two Angels, Seraphael and Seraphita, whom we call Adam and Eve.

XI.

THE DANCE.

The musician is playing on his violin, and all who are within reach of the music are dancing.

Out of their extreme joy they stumble against the musician, and knock him down, and the music stops. While he is regaining his feet they jeer at him, and some curse him for his weakness. He does not reply. Again he plays and again they dance.

He plays more ravishingly than before, because he is wounded, and because he cannot help doing his best.

He does not dance himself, and when some one calls attention to it they all demand of him the reason. He gives them no reply, and they whisper among themselves.

Although his eyes are shut he knows that they and he are drifting apart. But he holds his violin closer to him and plays with a wondrously calm strength: the tears fall, it is true, but only the strong can weep.

His tears are not wiped away: he is too busy, and the others are dancing.

Suddenly, in the very height of a passionate out-burst of melody, such as makes even the dancers themselves almost too happy to move, there falls silence. One of the dancers shouts roughly to the musician, and, as a most excellent jest, pinches the eye-lids of the prostrate man and raises them. Horror-stricken, he turns to his fellows and tries to speak, but no words issue from his lips.

The crowd gather around, and are silent. Some of them are soon ashamed to be so quiet, and turn away to dance as well as they can. The others, as with one consent, gently raise the body and bear it to a quiet place.

They move slowly and reverently, because he is dead, and they are even for a few moments a little less rough than usual with one another.

Then they buy a stone, not a very costly one, but at least of more value than aught owned by the musician before, and they carve on it holy words, words of life, such as never came to his ears while alive.

Then they sit down and weep, because they would dance and there is no music.

XII.

THE UNBUILT TEMPLE.

An Angel appears to a young man in his sleep.

"Tread watchfully the path of thy life, young man, for in the days to come it shall be thy lot to build a mighty temple, and this temple shall be called great and wonderful by all thy fellows, so exceedingly mighty shall it be. See thou value rightly the great things and the small things of earth, and build thy temple so grandly that even thy enemies shall have to say, 'He is great.'"

The Angel vanishes, and the man wakes and muses.

"This thing is from above. I will dwell carefully on it and heed well the words of the wise one. Let me be very strong and very patient.

"Shall I, born to do some gest or utter some divine law, presume to run the risk of missing my duty because occupied with trifles? I will not waste myself on trifles and dissipate all my strength before this great thing faces me, but will sit down and wait for it and when it comes it shall find me

fully prepared. This is surely the wisest way, to be always ready for the performance of my great duty."

The years pass slowly, and the young man sits still and watches very keenly for a sign.

But the years pass and the sign comes not.

The years pass and bring the hour of death, and the Angel appears again.

"Accursed art thou, in that thou hast not performed that wonderful deed I foretold thee it should be thy privilege to do."

With sorrow and with anger the old man raises his head.

"Is it my sin that I could not do what was not to be done? I watched, and waited, and prayed, and crushed life's pleasures, and sat very still, but there was no great deed for me to do, no wise word for me to say. Is it my sin?"

The face of the Angel grows dark, and his voice becomes like unto the undertone of the sea.

"Yea, it is thy sin!

"The great deed thou didst miss would have been made up of the little things thou didst choose to pass by.

"What more shall I say? Thou hast sinned, yea, thou hast sinned, because thou didst not see the greatness of trifles, nor

remember that what thou didst call 'little things' might be built by thee into a noble temple."

The old man bows his head and is silent, because the years come and the years pass, and not for small things nor for great things may the years turn backward.

XIII.

THE HOUSE OF ANNIHILATION.

White shapes hover pityingly around this man and moan with ruth for him. He lies face downward on a vermeil cloud kindly stretched between him and the waters by the ministering shapes, a cloud woven of peace and strength.

The black rays of light from above are let from descending on him, and the yawning, turgid whirlpool of death beneath, which cries horribly for him also is thwarted: angels gather in their bosoms the rays and mantle him in a vacuum against the cries. Yet maugre all their care the soul shivers and shrinks. A vision, too large and too black for them to relieve, a tangible vision within himself, is the cause. Alone

he thinks himself, but if he were—if he were that vision would draw around him with the irresistible sweep of death. The vision affects the heavenly angels, though they do not see it. They are fresh from God, but the seer is mortal.

It is a vision of life without love.

Motionless, the soul is swallowed up by the darkness of life, enveloped, powerless, bound by a veil wrought on the loom of outer blackness. No words destroy his sight of the vision, no thoughts sail between him and that open grave: silence speaks despair.

The angels grow weak from long vigils and call to God, near eternity's term, for strength or wisdom. Their leader listens, then breathes, "It is enough." He directs their flight and they slowly bear the heavy burden of that soul to a house builded by God between heaven and hell, a house founded on love and composed of infinite mercy. They bear him thither gently, and then sing duans of joy to God for having provided the House of Annihilation.

XIV.

PERFUMES.

Perfumes, tangible souls of all the lovable things of earth, approach me, your younger brother, freely. In thy spirit-life the noxious gases that have overpowered me shall sink downward below the earth; the dark vapors and fenny fogs that rise rankly from the peccant earth shall be dissipated into nothingness when ye come joyously to me on your emicant wings of light.

Delicate and laughing visitants from the ethereal abode of the Future, breathe into my desolate soul the air made tremulous and intoxicating by the musical and subtle breath of the morning stars as they sing together, and tell me the reasons for their mysterious and perpetual rapture. Whisper to me the secrets beyond and above these thick bars imprisoning me,—whisper of the source of the soul, of the Saturnian realms whence love and peace sometimes flash to us visions of ineffable and unutterable glory, and it may be that thy ravishing strains will be faintly echoed from the lips of man. Tune my soul into harmony with the Life whence you draw your existence, O spirits

vague but strong, and rare, and perfect. Veil me with thy cirrus clouds of celestial vapor new and dreamy, enfold me with thy subtle essence of sweetness and light, and let me live in thy spiritual rapture evermore!

XV.

THROUGH MEN.

A woman is in much pain of spirit. Affliction the hardest has visited her, and her heart is cold and hard. She is too indifferent to man to hate him, but against God her hate revels in curses; He has laughed at her, He has tempted her, He has robbed her of joy, even the joy of hope.

After a time she slowly and steadily takes a bottle in her hand. Nothing in the Beyond can be worse, and her death will be an excellent revenge, an excellent joke, against Him who wants her to live.

A man who does not know her—does not even know her name, but who saw her face yesterday, is praying for her. His sympathy is so deep it reaches the fountain of tears and they fall—not to the ground but—into

my brother's hand, my angel-brother, who changes them by our Heavenly alchemy into thoughts of wisdom and love and peace, in which form the angel carries them to the woman. She listens, and is recalled. She puts down the bottle, and with a great sob falls to her knees.

This is no place for me or any other angel; I withdraw. The work God gave me to do has been done and done by a human in a better way.

XVI.

THE PASSING OF A MAN'S SOUL.

A man sat by a darkened window, intent on his work, which must be done or the body would perish.

"Father," came a child's voice from an inner room, "father, will you not take me out to see the procession now?"

The man, who sat by the window but never looked out, kept his eyes down on his work and replied, "Time enough, child, time enough."

Outside, moment after moment and hour after hour the eternal procession of glorious

but idle angels sped on. The man could not see them. He heard a confused murmur of voices, and felt irritated at them and at his work, but did not feel the need of an interpreter.

"Father," came the delicate voice again, "father, it is very dark here, and I hear voices calling me, calling me; will you not open the door?"

"Time enough, child, time enough," and the man's work went on.

There was silence for a long time. After a while a faint sigh was heard. The man bent his head to listen and opened his lips to say, "Time enough, child," but this time no words came to his ears. He went on with his work.

He thought he was relieved, (*his work went steadily on,*) and after awhile forgot that he had ever heard a sound from the inner room.

The eternal procession of glorious but idle angels sped on and in Heaven the watchers whispered one to another, "It was but six months old, when it should have been nine; will it live?"

THE END.

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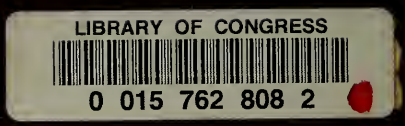
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